a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Cost. Marie sir, halfepennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee.
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speake sweetely, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seald-vp counsaile. There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneratiõ, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will do it sir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O and I for soth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous sigh, a Crietick, nay a night-watch Constable,
A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted soueraigne of sighes and groones:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole

Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch
But being watcht, that it may still go righ
Nay to be periurde, which is worst of all
And among three to loue the worst of all
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles stucke in her face
I and by heauen, one that will do the dee
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, g
Some men must loue my Ladie, and so

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, he and her Lordes.

Quee. Was that the king that spurd h
Against the steepe vp rising of the hill?

Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was

Quee. Who ere a was, a showd a mo
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our di
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraun
Then Forrester my friend, Where is the
That we must stand and play the murth

Forr. Heereby vpon the edge of yon
A Stand where you may make the faire
Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am fair
And thereupon thou speakst the fairest

Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I mean

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.I.14)